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"What Fools these Mortals be!"



Puck



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"THREE WEEKS."



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

"RESPECT for the old and established is giving way to feverish desire for the new and experimental."—Former Governor Frank Black.

In other words, respect for the old and established forms of graft is giving way to feverish desire for the new and experimental common honesty. It is deplorable indeed. In the West, in Washington and Oregon, respect for the old and established public land stealing is giving way to feverish desire for the new and experimental conviction of the thieves and the safeguarding of the forests. In Frisco, respect for the old and established partnership of rotten politics and privilege-seeking public service corporations is giving way to feverish desire for the new and experimental punishment both of bribe-takers and bribe-givers. In Chicago, last year, respect for the old and established forms of farcical meat inspection gave way to feverish desire for the new and experimental protection of the public stomach. Likewise at Washington, respect for the old and established forms of flim-flam foodstuffs gave way to feverish desire for the new and experimental Pure Food Law. In Toledo, respect for the old and established gave way with a crash, and because of that same feverish desire, several Ice Trust gentlemen, who conspired in restraint of trade, are now behind bars of cold steel. In New York, respect for the old and established forms of life insurance knavery gave way to feverish desire for the new and experimental idea that "other people's money" was not anybody's money. Certain old and established banking methods are also giving way; giving way to feverish desire for something approaching probity. In fact, it is even possible, deplorable as it seems, that respect for the old and established may give way even in Pennsylvania, and be replaced by feverish desire

to send somebody to jail for that Harrisburg State House job; that, truly, would be new and experimental. Perhaps, too, respect for the old and established monopoly tariff may in time give way to feverish desire for the new and experimental notion of fair play to the American people. Everywhere, as Mr. Black says, the signs are numerous that respect for the old and established is giving way. And the worst of it, the bitterest part of it, is that the "experiments" will continue.

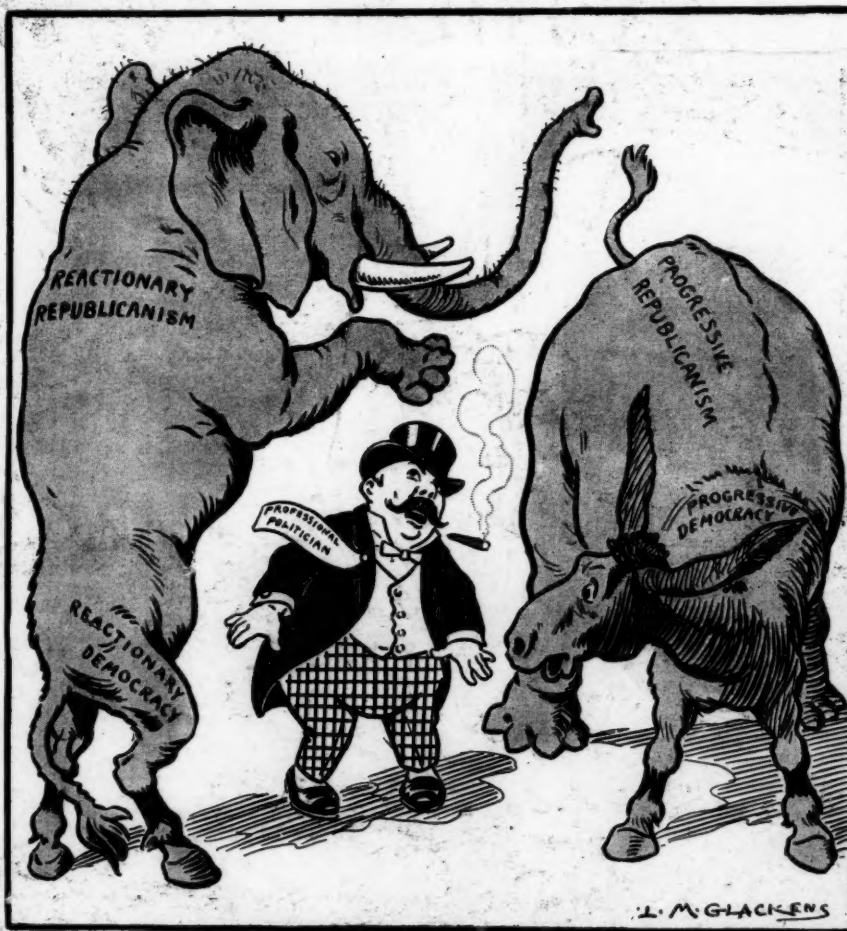
THE *World* declares that Mr. Bryan cannot possibly be elected, and that Mr. Roosevelt will control the Republican nomination. Well, if Mr. Roosevelt controls the Republican nomination no Democratic candidate will have a better chance than Mr. Bryan, and why should the *World* object to Mr. Bryan sacrificing himself? Mr. Bryan is privately reported to have said privately that he felt it his duty to sacrifice himself to Roosevelt's popularity; and if this is true—and we have no reason to doubt it—it was a very fine thing to say.

EIGHT New York thinkers have formed the Society of Practical Socialists. It is rather astonishing to find eight Socialists who agree on any one thing; but perhaps unanimity of opinion was not insisted on.

THE SACRED rights of property let us protect; but not at the cost of the more sacred rights of human life.—*Chicago Post*.

For example, the rights of property in the Transvaal and the rights of property in the Congo.

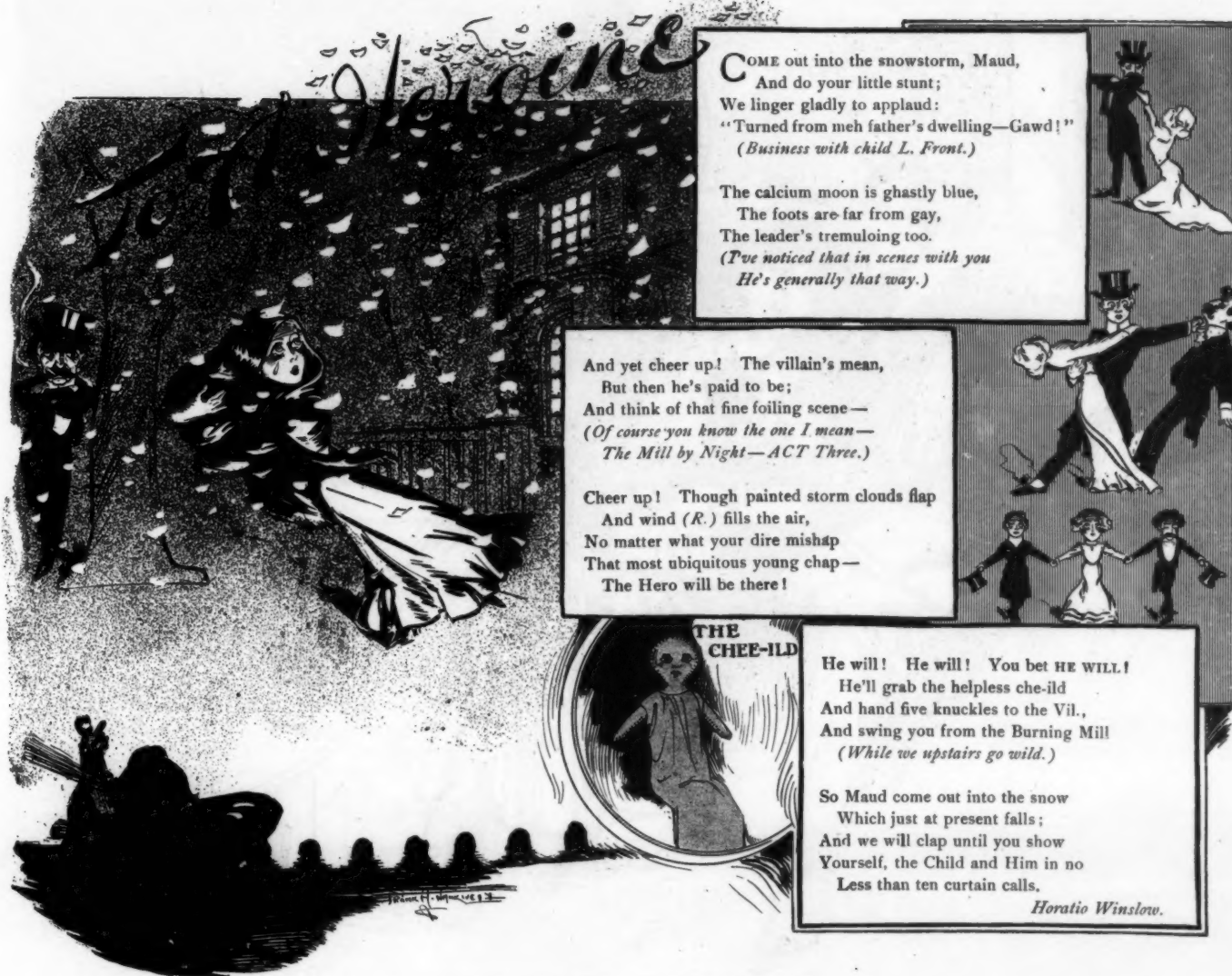
ONE DIFFERENCE between Foraker and Taft is that Foraker is backed by corporations while Taft has his "corporation" in front of him.



THE ELEPHASS AND THE JACKAPHANT.

THEIR ERSTWHILE KEEPER.—Holy Hanna! What's happened to the animals?

PUCK



COME out into the snowstorm, Maud,
And do your little stunt;
We linger gladly to applaud:
"Turned from meh father's dwelling—Gawd!"
(Business with child L. Front.)

The calcium moon is ghastly blue,
The foots are far from gay,
The leader's tremuloing too.
(I've noticed that in scenes with you
He's generally that way.)

And yet cheer up! The villain's mean,
But then he's paid to be;
And think of that fine foiling scene—
(Of course you know the one I mean—
The Mill by Night—ACT Three.)

Cheer up! Though painted storm clouds flap
And wind (R.) fills the air,
No matter what your dire mishap
That most ubiquitous young chap—
The Hero will be there!

THE CHEE-ILD

He will! He will! You bet HE WILL!
He'll grab the helpless che-ild
And hand five knuckles to the Vil.,
And swing you from the Burning Mill
(While we upstairs go wild.)

So Maud come out into the snow
Which just at present falls;
And we will clap until you show
Yourself, the Child and Him in no
Less than ten curtain calls.

Horatio Winslow.

AN ARDENT LOVER.



HE HAD heard so much about her that he was consumed with a desire to make her acquaintance. He had been told, by many friends who had admired her, where she could be found. But repeatedly as he had visited the places where he felt certain he could see her, she was never in, and he began to lose heart. He told himself finally that he would have her for his own, at any cost. Her beauty, her grace, her physical loveliness, he had been told, were as nothing compared with her spiritual character. To know such a girl, if only for one hour, would be worth while. Then, although he might forget her, he would have gained something; she would leave some impression on his mind, some good in his heart. At the club, at the office, at afternoon teas, everyone was enthusiastically discussing her, and all were surprised that he had not yet made her acquaintance. Yes, he *must* know her.

As he entered the Subway one day he saw, to his delight, that she was leaning against the news-stand. She would be gone unless he made haste; for already crowds were beginning to surge about her. Hastily taking out \$1.50 he stepped nimbly up to the man in charge and grabbed a copy of "Gladys Perot," the latest best-seller; and on the way downtown in the express he found her a very dull, uninteresting companion. He made up his mind to forget her as soon as possible.

Randolph Forbes.

KNOWLEDGE is power, and that's all. Naturally it works to better effect in a six-cylinder man than in a two-cylinder man.



THE MUSICAL COHENSTEINS.

By a little ingenious economy, they get along with one score and one music rack.

Every dog has his day, but it is not every dog that knows when he is having it.



TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AFTER THEY "PARTED FOREVER."

"THE CAPTAIN OF THE 'VARSITY'."

THE 'Varsity captain as he appears in the role of hero in the short story of the magazines is a splendid fellow and it gives great encouragement for the future of our republic that the type is not uncommon. Within the last few years there have been (in the magazines and weekly papers) at Harvard and Yale alone captains of university teams or crews as follows:

	Harvard.	Yale.
Captains of Crews	103	207
Captains of Baseball teams . . .	173	62
Captains of Football teams . . .	86	1,110

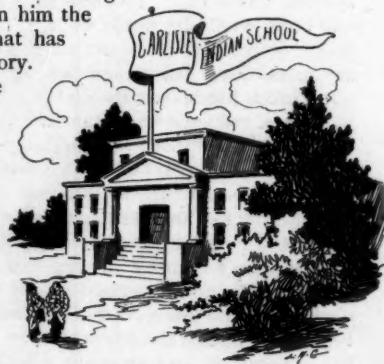
Each of the above captains has invariably led his mates to a glorious victory except one Harvard man who lost the game but achieved a moral victory which was better than winning (so the "old grad." told him with a hearty grasp of his hand, which showed he understood), and he wiped out the defeat the following season when the teams met again.

Yale's record appears to be much the better, but it must not be supposed that the victory was always easy; indeed, in nearly every contest she was perilously near defeat and only pulled out by what some old grad. (usually with "a curious lump in his throat") assured the victorious team was the "true Yale spirit."

In personal appearance and character all these captains are

astonishingly alike. Ninety-seven per cent. are of distinctly blonde type with laughing blue eyes (which have dangerous, tender, serious, or thoughtful lights in them, according to the circumstances of the story) and a frank engaging manner. No one it would seem can ever hope to be a captain of a crew or team in either university who has not a frank manner. It is this frankness of character coupled with a charming modesty that wins for them not only the love and admiration of their classmates and the worship of the freshmen but also the deeper and more tender love of the girl in the story. She it is who, sitting in the grand stand or observation train, catches the eye of the captain on the field or in the boat just at the critical moment when his courage has almost failed and arouses in him the final spark of determination that has enabled him to pull out the victory.

She was there then, and she was wearing his {violets}!
 He must, he *would* win!
 There was no trace of excitement or anxiety in his voice as he went around among his men encouraging them for the final effort. The ball was kicked off and a deafening cheer arose from the {blue} benches.
 He stood crouched lightly to re-



A MENTAL RESERVATION.

The man who puts his heart into his work often has very little of it left to bring home to his family.

PUCK



CANINE CURRENCY.

Nobody's Dog.—Shovel off yer walk, Mister? Do it cheap. Only a couple of bones.

ceive it. There was no fear of fumbling now. Deftly he caught it and with all the strength of his glorious young manhood hurled it swift and sure into the outstretched hands of the third baseman who, swift and lithe as a panther, avoiding the flying trap of the cover-point, darted across the foul line and fell panting on the ball behind the finish flags. The air was { crimson } with myriad flags and ten thousand voices were shouting in jubilant chorus, "A goal! A goal!" Something like that.

All of these captains were well over six feet in height, though so well-proportioned that you would not credit it unless you saw them stand beside the other man in the story (sometimes a villain, but always far inferior to the hero in every way, though the girl does not always find this out until the last few paragraphs). Each is quite a giant in strength, capable of carrying a hundred and fifty-pound girl with a sprained ankle three or four miles over steep forest paths on a summer's day, without becoming even unpicturesquely warm, as you may see from the illustrations.

With all their strength each is as tender as a woman on occasions, and one and all unite in indignant scorn of unfair tactics and foul play.—My, how they do hate dirty play!—It would appear in some of these stories that the captain of the *other* team is not always so scrupulous, but there is never any story written about *him*.

The Captain of the 'Varsity has always the same type of chum, happy-go-lucky and thoughtless, perpetually in trouble with the college authorities, but bearing his troubles lightly and concealing a truly noble nature beneath his frivolous exterior. He betrays his underlying affection for the hero only in that brief portion of the story where he tactfully and with deep feeling reveals to the girl the state of the Captain's heart toward her and the danger of trifling "with the love of a man like Steve Armstrong." The Girl on these occasions

assumes an air of heartless indifference, but we are permitted to know, sobs softly on her pillow that night and tells herself that she is a "cruel, wicked girl." But it comes out all right. Oh, yes, it comes out all right.

In some stories the Captain is an ex-Captain. Having graduated some years and studied engineering he finds himself in charge of a construction gang engaged on some difficult piece of work. It becomes necessary for him to fight some obstreperous bully who by his insubordination threatens the success of the undertaking. It is then that the hero's athletic training counts. He removes his coat and rolls up his shirt-sleeves, and all the witnesses are surprised to see how knotted and firm are the muscles beneath that white skin. He never feels to surprise the crowd with those firm muscles. Even his opponent is impressed and decides to fight more cautiously. You know how that fight goes—how "Big Leary" or "Red Clancy," or whatever the name of the subordinate workman may be, bids fair at first to make short work of the stripling, but how the cool judgment and unflinching courage and determination acquired on the field when he captained the 'Varsity, at last prevail and "Big Leary" is brought to earth by one last blow, "clean and direct as the thrust of a piston rod," to rise again after a few minutes, not only subdued but with a love and admiration for his conqueror little short of idolatry.

J. W. Merrill.

NOTHING DOING.

MADGE.—Why did you refuse him if he is such a prudent man?
DOLLY.—He said he thought if he got married he could save more money.



IT IS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN,

But after the introduction of smoking in England, Sir Walter Raleigh next introduced the "Smoking Concert."

PUCK

THE CONSERVATIVE OCTOPUS.



HERE'S a jolly old Octopus in a deep Financial Sea
Who adores all Little Fishes and invites them in for tea;
He declares, "I'm good and happy if they'll only let me be,

"But you mustn't, upon any Pretext, interfere with
Existing Conditions, as that would inevitably de-
stroy the Prosperity of the Entire Nation!"

He says, in case of Rebates by a naughty
Railway Line,
They ought to ask an Agent, quite politely,
to resign.
'Tis wrong to make an erring Corporation
pay a Fine,

"For think of the Resultant Injury
to Innocent Investors, Speculators,
Widows and Orphans even unto the Fourth
and Fifth Generation!"

He dotes on Courts and Judges as he knows 'tis only right
That Burglars, Crooks and Sharpers should be put Where Dogs Can't Bite;
But the Grand Financial Flim-Flam?—that's another matter, quite;

"Because, how would it be possible to float Great Industrial
Enterprises if Restrictions were placed upon Modern Enlightened
Methods of Finance?"

He's strong for Honest Labor, but he takes it very ill
That some should seek to saddle the Employer with the Bill
When harm befalls his Servant in his Quarry, Mine, or Mill;

"And whoever advocates such a Pernicious Doctrine is a
Demagogue, a Ranter and a Reckless Inflamer of Class Hatred."

He says the Constitution is a Bright, Peculiar Star,
A Refuge for the Weary and a Rock amid the Jar,
Established by the Fathers to keep Things the Way they Are;

"Wherefore, woe be unto them that would mis-interpret the
Immortal Document and Palladium of our Liberties as empowering
the Government to Do Anything!"



LABOR NEWS.

FOGARTY (*learning to bowl*).—An' I don't have t' roll agin whin I
flure thim all wid wan ball?

CLANCY.—Ye don't—it's a strike.

FOGARTY.—Glory be! An' how long will I be out?



THE ENGAGEMENT RING.

AS IT FEELS TO THE GIRL.

He has learned to love Reporters, and is willing to confess
The Safeguard of our Freedom is a brave, Unmuzzled Press;
Yet finds it quite convenient in a Time of Storm and Stress
To buy a few Independent Publications, just to
insure getting a clear, Unbiased Statement of
the Case before a Misled Public.

Arthur Guiterman.

A GREAT FAVORITE.

FARMER BENTOVER.—I understand that Neighbor
Stackpole's nephew, that's here from the city, is a
wonderful entertainin' young feller?

FARMER HORNBEAK.—That 'pears to be the general
impression. It seems that one time when he was sick he
had his tonsils cut out, or suthin' of the sort, and now
when he sings you can't tell it from a phonograph, scrapin's
and all. They just have him on the go the hull time from
one church festival to another, and from sociable to party, till
it's said he's most worn out by the continual round of dissi-
pation not to mention riotous livin'.

DO BRUNETTES sufficiently outlast blondes to permit us to
oppose fat, fair and forty, with svelte, swart and sixty?

A man wishes to be his own master, but no woman wishes to be her own
mistress, because this implies that she keeps fewer than three servants.

PUCK



THE OLD JOKES' HOME.

EDITOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" (to assistant editor).—By Jove, George, we're getting a ripping line of new jokes lately!

THE REPUBLICAN DILEMMA.



OLD DOCTOR ROOSEVELT is quick with his lancet, Sudden with his plasters and swift with his pills; Doses a patient with allopathic doses, Jabs him and stabs him for all sorts of ills. Bitter is the medicine that we have been taking, Nasty the pills that we couldn't refuse. Wonder if it wouldn't be a good plan to drop him— Drop Doctor Roosevelt and call Doctor Hughes.

Old Doctor Hughes is a level-headed codger, Never gets excited when you call him in;

Doesn't say much, but sits and pulls his whiskers, Looks at his timepiece and scratches his chin.

But when he writes out his little prescription, Lord! what a dose the apothecary brews! A pill is a pill, no matter who prescribes it— Old Doctor Roosevelt or Old Doctor Hughes.

Old Doctor Roosevelt believes in the pillbox; Old Doctor Hughes he believes in the same. One goes around town drumming up business, The other just waits till you send in your name. A pill is a pill, no matter who prescribes it, And we don't exactly know which to choose. We will get it good, whichever one we send for— Old Doctor Roosevelt or Old Doctor Hughes.

B. L. T.

VICTIMS OF LAW.

LOOK at these men! They are haggard, worn, suffering, as if they have been subjected to the cruel and unusual punishment which the Constitution forbids! It has been cruel—but not unusual. They have been locked up, kept from their homes, forced to neglect their business, their correspondence opened by keepers, their reading subjected to censorship, their entire lives scrutinized, their conversation eavesdropped, themselves watched closely day and night! Worse still, even, they have had to listen to floods of senseless talk and to a dozen Niagaras of jaw-breaking, utterly incomprehensible jargon until their minds have tottered!! What terrible crime against the community have they committed to be thus tortured and treated with such contumely—even their alleged portraits blazoned to the world? They do not look like hardened criminals, but surely they must be dangerous to Society!



HE WAS A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW.
WHICH NOBODY CAN DENY.

Not at all—they are entirely innocent of any offense— unless it is an offense not to form any opinion on something every one else has. But they are not criminals; they are the jury in a famous murder trial and only doing their duty! Duty is very pleasant. And will they want to do it again? Certainly—they will be most anxious to! Wouldn't you?

TWO LETTERS.

DEAR PUCK:—

My Papa takes you and I asked him why there were not more pictures every week. He said there would after Mr. Taft was elected and I asked him why and he said because you would have to make PUCK bigger to get Mr. Taft's picture in. Is that so or was Papa joking? Please answer next week. Your little friend, JACK RODGERS.

P.S.—Papa said if I did not believe him to ask you, so I am. That's all. J. R.

DEAR JACK:—Never doubt what Papa says again. Papas are always right—almost always, anyway. As to this other matter, just tell Papa that there will be no need of enlarging these pages should Mr. Taft be elected. Mr. Taft will be so reduced in size after four hard months of campaigning that we will get him all in comfy and perhaps have room for his hat. Papa will tell you; if you ask him, that we used to get Grover in without a scratch. But while we think of it, suppose you ask that Papa of yours what we had better do to the pages, if Mr. Fairbanks is elected.

Your littler friend, PUCK.



PIECES THEY SPEAK.—II.

"I am dying, Egypt, dying, Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast"—

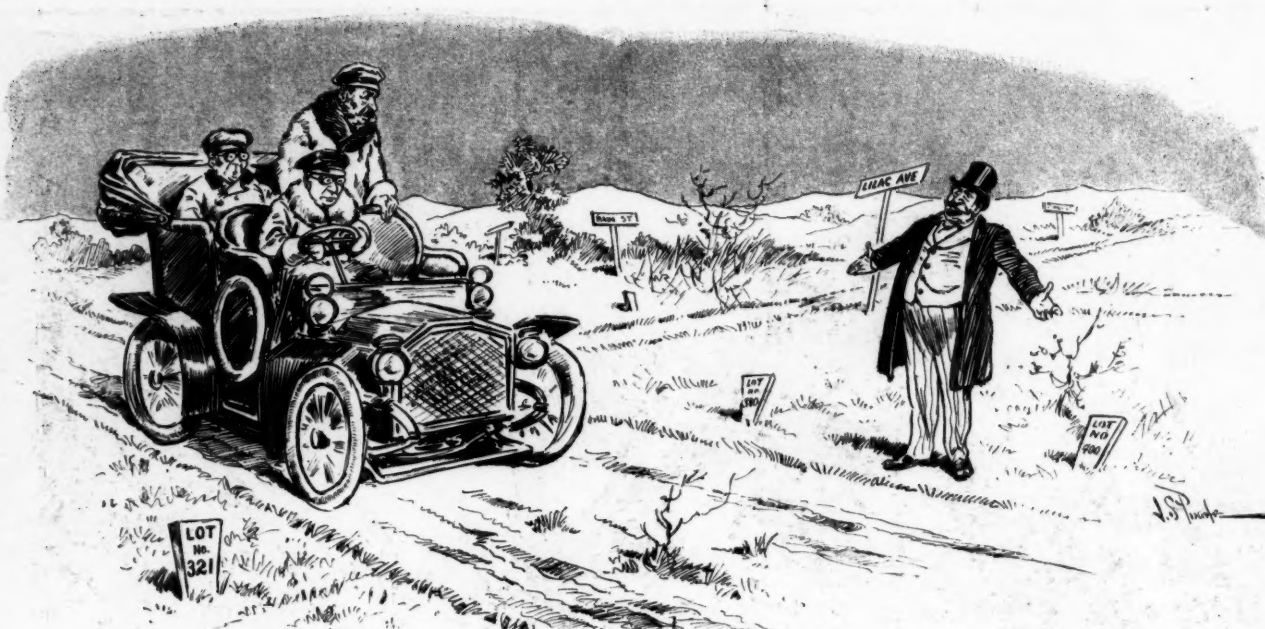


THE PUCK PRESS

ROOSEVELT'S FAREWELL T
 REPETITION, ONE YEAR HENCE, OF A FAMOUS



REVELL TO HIS OFFICERS.
 NCE, OF A FAMOUS SCENE IN FRAUNCE'S TAVERN.



THIS IS IT.

MOTORIST (who has missed his road).—How far is it to the next town, friend?
LONELY INDIVIDUAL (with an attempt at briskness).—You're right there now. Why go further? Beautiful Bunko Park! Fine air! Pure water! Glorious outlook! Streets all made! Lots for sale on tempting terms! See agent on premises or write for booklet.

BALLADE TRIUMPHANT.



THE papers speak of awful things
They do in Russia far away,
Of massacres and murderings,
And "pogroms" almost every day;
It makes me sad to think that they
Should thus abuse the Hebrew meek—
I'd weep were I not far too gay:
We've got a cook who's stayed a week!

Cruel Fortune holds a thousand slings
Which she is prompt to bring in play,
No line she draws 'twixt boors and kings,
In fact, prefers the boors, they say;
To Orkus each his debt must pay,
The Stygian realms must trembling seek—
I'd weep were I not far too gay:
We've got a cook who's stayed a week!

One parting song the robin sings,
The minstrel gives his final lay,
And love itself at last his wings
Doth spread and leave our heaven gray;
The bravest ship that sails the bay
Holds somewhere, sure, a hidden leak—
I'd weep were I not far too gay:
We've got a cook who stayed a week!

L'ENVOI.
I cannot dwell on sorrow, nay!
Nor let a tear defile my cheek—
At present I am far too gay:
We've got a cook who stayed a week!

William Wallace Whitelock.

THE SERPENT'S TRAIL.

ELKANAH.—Old 'Tetlow seems ter have it in purty hard fer the trusts. Says the meat trust alone is goin' ter starve the people in a few years.

JEDEDIAH.—Yes; you see, he had a fine steer that he was countin' on butcherin' fer his own use, but Clay Juckett was goin' ter ship

a load ter the stockyards at Chicago, and he offered Tetlow seventy dollars for the steer. Of course, at that price Tetlow had ter sell. I expect it does seem kinder hard fer his family ter have ter go through the year on salt pork, but a trust can crush anything when it sets out to.

THE QUICKEST WAY.

EXCITED MESSENGER.—Oh, doctor, a man has just jumped from the sixth floor of the Umpire Building!

DR. KOOLER.—Which way did he go?



MODERN ENTERPRISE.

The general stood on the field of victory. A courier splashed his way through the chaos and moving picture operators.

"General!"

"Well?"

"We offer you \$1,000 per for eight weeks at our stupendous production of the battle of Kakiak." The general frowned.

"Too late," he snapped, gruffly. "I have just signed up with the War Amusement Company for twelve hundred."

Courtship may be said to be a sort of coo-partnership.

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HIGH
BE

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.



HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES: Mr. Lighte of Massachusetts introduced a resolution of inquiry as to the truth of statements, recently made in the scientific sections of numerous Sunday papers, relating to the success reported to have been achieved by Professor Gardiner, in his latest efforts to study and translate the language of certain Simian tribes inhabiting parts of the African continent.

In addition to its obvious importance from a strictly scientific view point, Mr. Lighte argued, that the information sought to be obtained by his resolution would, beyond all question, prove of untold value as a possible means of establishing the origin and definition, if any, of much of the alleged dialect used in many of our so-called popular novels, as well as tending to supply a necessary stimulus to Chautauquan societies and correspondence schools and young people's debating clubs throughout the Union.

Strenuous objection was made by Mr. Upton of Rhode Island, who claimed that the inevitable effect of the passage of this resolution would be to unduly encourage competition in the matter of precipitating new magazines on a defenceless public.

It would also, in his judgment, widen to an inimical extent the field already occupied by the comic supplement of the Sunday papers, and increase, if possible, the volume of discord incident to graphophone accompaniments to the sale of postage stamps in corner drugstores.

Proceeding earnestly with his remarks, he further contended that the vital interests of our best society, as represented at several of the most exclusive summer resorts, would be more effectively safe-guarded by voting the resolution down, which was done by a large majority.

Mr. Jewlappe of Kentucky spoke on the Pure Food bill. He expressed a willingness to vote for the bill, provided a more definite statement regarding the use of denatured alcohol could be had. It was his opinion that unlimited confusion would result from any mistaken attempt to employ this article in the con-



LOCAL NEWS.

"HIRAM WHIFFLE IS DOWN WITH THE GRIP."

struction of certain beverages for which the state he, in part, represented, had become deservedly famous.

Mr. Irons of Pennsylvania rose to a question of personal privilege. He wished to deny the charge made in a daily paper, which he sent to the clerk's desk to be read, that he had at any time been unduly active in assisting to suppress the late "Iowa Idea." He was prepared to congratulate his constituents, however, that, except in the event of an extra session, there appeared little prospect of its immediate revival.

M. C.

FACTS

Miller High Life, Milwaukee's leading beer, is as much a food as bread. The 3½% of alcohol it contains is itself an aid to digestion, while the Bohemian hops used are an appetizer, and the bountiful amount of extract—obtained from the finest barley malt—is the food.

Miller
HIGH LIFE

MILWAUKEE'S LEADING BOTTLE BEER

after being thoroughly filtered, is forwarded through a special pipe line into glass storage vaults in the bottling establishment, from whence it is filled into bottles by an automatic device, thus avoiding the loss of carbonated gas, and never being touched by human hands.

It appeals exactly to the cultured taste of the beer connoisseur. Ask for it.

MILWAUKEE



A
GRAND
FINALE
TO A
CHAPTER
OF
COURSES



A
GRAND
FINALE
TO A
CHAPTER
OF
COURSES

LIQUEUR Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

This famous cordial, now made at Tarragona, Spain, was for centuries distilled by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, France, and known throughout the world as Chartreuse. The above cut represents the bottle and label employed in the putting up of the article since the Monks' expulsion from France, and it is now known as Liqueur Pères Chartreux (the Monks, however, still retain the right to use the old bottle and label as well) distilled by the same order of Monks, who have securely guarded the secret of its manufacture for hundreds of years, taking it with them at the time they left the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, and who, therefore, alone possess a knowledge of the elements of this delicious nectar. No Liqueur associated with the name of the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) and made since their expulsion from France is genuine except that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés,
Bijou & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for United States.

IT OUGHT TO BE OBVIOUS.

Industries which depend merely upon their access to natural resources, such as coal, ores or lumber, for instance, are likely to become monopolies when they have been able to corner the supply of a special necessity. In such cases the tariff is plainly the nurse of special privileges, and serves no other conceivable purpose than that of enriching the privileged few at the expense of the many. Consider for a moment the case of the steel industry of the country. There is no exaggeration in saying that it is virtually controlled by one single corporation, a gigantic monopoly, which can command its own prices from those who use the product, whether the users be the machine builder, the structural contractor, the railroad engineer, or in the last hand, the general public. This company produces from one-half to two-thirds of all the iron and steel used in this country. Of all Bessemer steel ingots and castings, for instance, the production of the United States Steel Corporation amounted to 67.4 per cent. in 1905; of wire rods, 69.9 per cent.; of nails, 53.6 per cent.; of structural shapes, 54.6 per cent.; and of wire nails, 66.1 per cent. This corporation also controls the greater portion of the ore lands in this country—in fact, according to the best authorities, from 75 to 80 per cent. of all the

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

Funniest Book of the Year, "Richard's Poor Almanack," bound and illustrated, sent for 10c. Address WHITE ROCK, Flatiron Building, N. Y.

ore land of the Lake Superior region, which at present constitutes practically the only cheap supply of workable good iron ore in this country. The monopolized value of the control of these ore lands it would be futile to try to estimate. In view of all this, it seems as if we ought to be ready to recognize, as a nation, that the time has come when even the most avowed believer in protection cannot help but see the fallacy of our present course.—*Machinery.*

A MUNICIPAL COMPARISON.

Let him who would like to compare bad with good municipal government, contrast Chicago with Cleveland. In Chicago, the unemployed who ask for public work are clubbed by order of a brutal chief of police; in Cleveland they are officially invited to send representatives to the Mayor to confer. In Chicago, intended public improvements are not expedited in order to afford immediate relief to the self-respecting who are out of work; in Cleveland work on intended improvements has been ordered to begin at once for the purpose of affording employment. In Chicago the chief of police devotes his energies to hunting "anarchists" and to irritating workless and suffering men into an "anarchistic" state of mind; in Cleveland the city administration regards itself as the trustee of all the people, even the poor and outcast, and not merely the rich and arrogant. In Chicago, a workhouse conviction is in its tendency a sentence of economic and moral death upon those who are going down hill; in Cleveland it proves to be a step toward economic and moral recovery for those who are going down hill. This policy of Cleveland, under Harris R. Cooley, who is at the head of the local charities and corrections system, is inspired not by the brutality that characterizes Chicago under its present ruffianly administration, but by that humane Christianity of which so much is preached from our pulpits and so little is practiced from the pews.—*The Public.*

A Burlesque Historical Novel

Monsieur d'en Brochette

By the Humorous Syndicate

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—Detroit Free Press.

The adventures which Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse, Marquis of Pollio Grille, Count of Pate de Foie Gras, and Much Else Besides, succeeds in crowding into the short space of forty-eight hours are astounding.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Monsieur D'en Brochette" is a capital travesty of the romances of the sword by American imitators of Alexandre Dumas which have been so numerous and popular in the last few years. The satire is keen and even the victims cannot fail to admire the skill with which the sharp thrusts are given.

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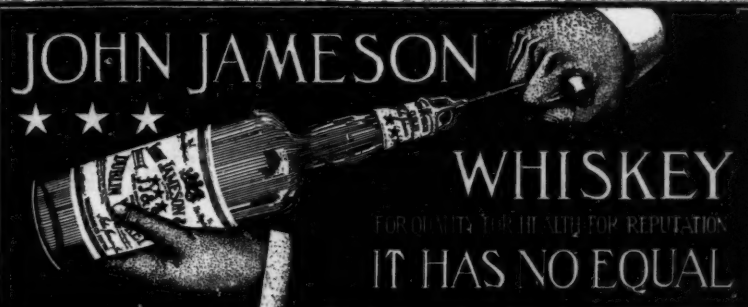
OUT OF IT.

"Don't you feel well?" asked a friend. "Not very," answered Mr. Cumrox. "Why don't you go home?" "I can't. Mother and the girls are giving a tea and I'm not invited."—*Washington Star.*

THAW's friends labored hard to have him proved crazy, and now seem to think they can undo their work in a minute.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

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 "Wouldn't you like to play a game of chess?" asked the man with the derby hat.

"I won't have time," replied the man addressed; "I'm only going as far as Chicago."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

ARREST of a female loan shark indicates that the local school of sharks is a co-educational concern.—*Phila. Ledger.*



IN THE ANIMAL WORLD.

THE FOX.—It's to *your* interest to help me out of this. Just think how it'll destroy confidence if I'm caught.

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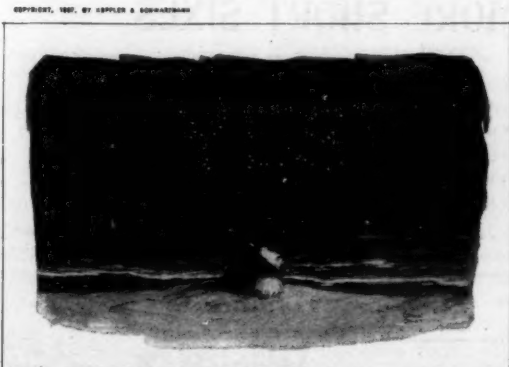


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This is the Berkeley, who tried the Locke, and said that no matter could be in the House that Descartes built.

This is the Hume, who knew only ideas, who doubted all matter and doubted all mind, and thought to demolish entirely the House that Descartes built.

This is the Kant, transcendently

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is at his merriest,
jolliest best right
now in

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there this Winter? For
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wise, who rebuilt from Hume, who denied mind to Berkeley, who tried the Locke, who by his experience guarded the House that Descartes built.

Hegel this is, who abstraction denies, who succeeded to Kant, transcendently wise, who rebuilt from Hume, who knew only ideas, who denied mind to Berkeley, who said "no matter," who attacked the Locke, who guarded the substances, mind and matter, distinct in the House that Descartes built.

This is the Royce, with his high surmise, who interpreted Hegel's obscure disguise, who looked beyond Kant, transcendently wise, who rebuilt from Hume, who knew only ideas, who denied mind to Berkeley, who said "no matter," while trying the Locke, whose daily experience guarded the House that Descartes built.

This is the James, who the "many" describes, who with purpose pragmatic does pluralize, who opposes the Royce, with his high surmise, who can diverse, devious thoughts devise, which in ultimate oneness he unifies, who interpreted Hegel's obscure disguise, who in threefold thought forms did theorize, who succeeded to Kant, transcendently wise, who by categories did characterize, who rebuilt from Hume, who knew not his own mind, who cared not for Berkeley, who tried the Locke, whose daily experience guarded the substances, mind and matter, that lay in the House that Descartes built.—*Century.*

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Not prodigies — of average worth —
Melville and Charles their names were.
Companions tried and true from birth,
They shared their sorrows and their
mirth,
And shared their sports and games
were.

They even shared the gasoline
That went to run their buzz-machine,
So blithe were they and jolly;
They gambled on the self-same green —
A gayer pair was never seen —
Yet they were Mel an' Cholly.
—Columbia Jester.

It is rumored that the mother of Gladys also will become a Hungarian countess. In case the seismographs record disturbances it might be well to examine the grave of Cornelius. — *Chicago Record Herald.*



THROUGH THE ICE.

THE MAID. — Do you go in for fancy skating?

THE MAN (with memories). — Well, usually about every time I try it.

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AN UNPATENTED INSIDE.

The *World* has received from the American Protective Tariff League a printed circular offering to place its name upon the league's mailing list. It is asked to reply on an inclosed postal card what "plate" or "patent inside" it uses. "To the leading plate and auxiliary publishers," W. F. Wakeman, General Secretary, explains, "we furnish a weekly Protective Tariff Press Service, which includes the best productions by the best writers and illustrated by the best artists." While the benevolence of the Tariff Leaguers is unquestionable and their "plate" and "patent inside" service must cost them a large sum, *The World* regrets to say that it prefers to derive its ideas of Dingleyism from less interested sources. — *The World.*

NEW YORK courts have given a boy thief nineteen years, which may not reform him, but is sure to cure him of being a boy thief. — *Philadelphia Ledger.*

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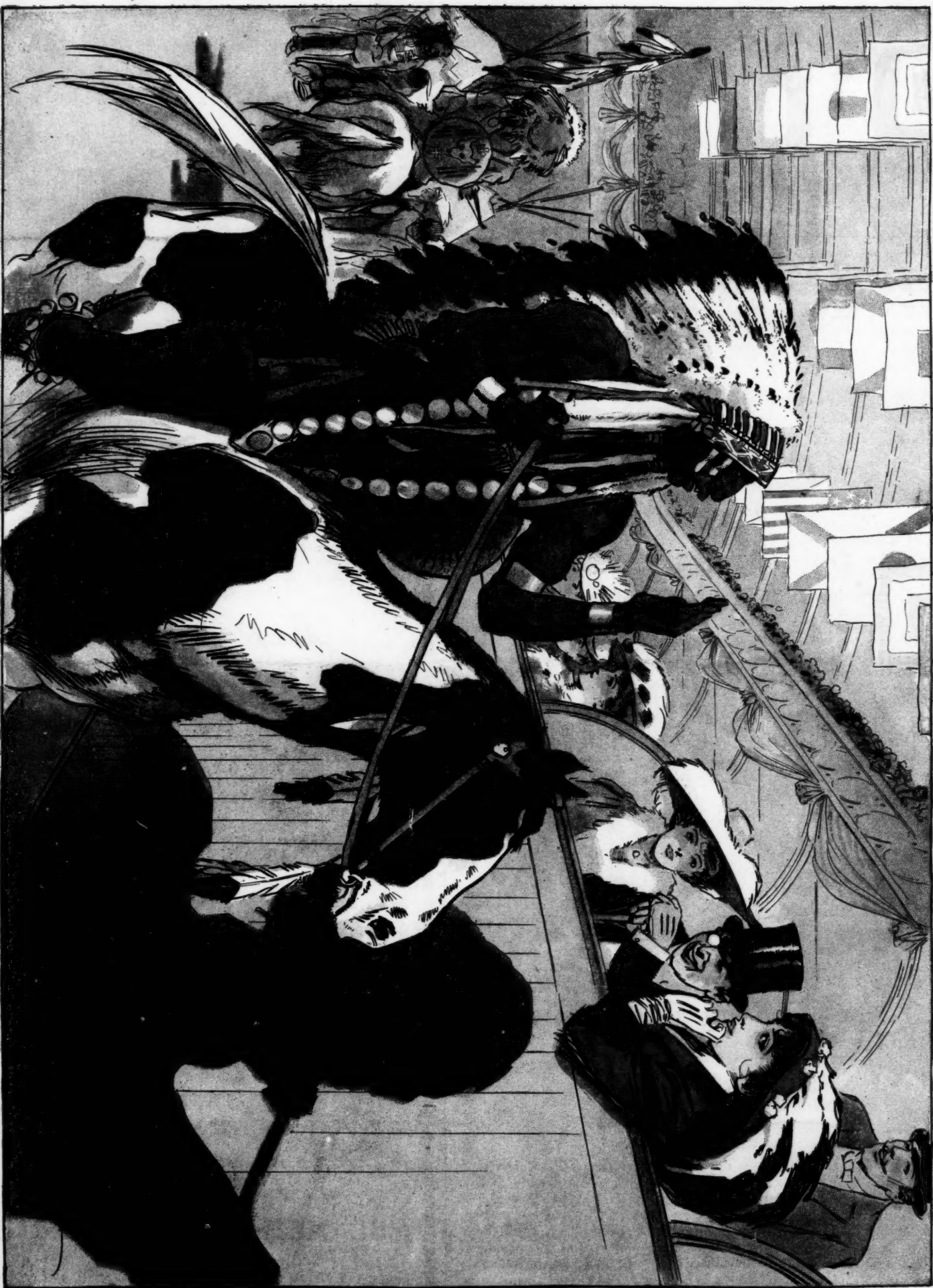
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